HOW THE GENERAL TRAVELED.

HIS CORDIAL FRIENDSHIP WITH LI HUNG CHANG.

The Four Greatest Men Grant Eve Knew - Interesting Stories of Grant and Greeley-A Midnight Chat at the

White House.

(Copyrighted, 1897, by Frank G. Carpenter.) Washington, April 24.-I spent an afternoon this week in chatting with John Russell Young about his experiences with General Grant and with some of the other famous men whom he has known. Mr. Young is the most eminent newspaper correspondent of the day. He is one of our best writers of pure English, and he has for years been one of our chief molders of public opinion. For the past generation his relations with leading men of the time have been very close. As a boy he knew

President Lincoln, Seward and Stanton

I decided to go to the White House and tell him. So I took the foreman of the office and together we walked to the White se. We rang the bell, and after a a messenger opened it. He told us esponse to my request to see Mr. Linthat he had long since gone to bed

and was now asleep.

"But,' said I, 'we have important news for him. I have received information which he should have, and I am sure he ought to be waked up to hear it.' After



Bismarck.

Li Hung Chang.





THE FOUR MEN WHOM GRANT CALLED GREAT.

President Lincoln, Seward and Stanton. While he was correspondent for the New York Herald in London he saw much of Gladstone, Salisbury and Baconsheld, and also came into contact with Prince Bismarck, Gambetta and other famous men of that time. As our minister to China he made a strong friend of Li Hung Chang, and when the great viceroy made a visit to this country last year he came to Philadelphia and spent a day with Mr. Young family. It was during his tour around the world with General Grant that John Russell Young first met Li Hung Chang, and to-day there is no man living outside of General Grant's own family who has sustained such close

JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG.

relations to our greatest military hero. Mr.
Young is now 55 years of age, but his blue eyes are as bright as they were when he began his newspaper career as a copyholder at the age of 15 in the office of the Philadelphia Press, and his brain is as active as it was when he rode out to the battlefields to report the occurrences of the late civil war. Mr. Young is a delightful talker, lits words flow as smoothly in his conversation as in his writing, and his talk is full of striking comparisons.

Lincoln and Grant.

John Hay in the White House.

John Hay in the White House.

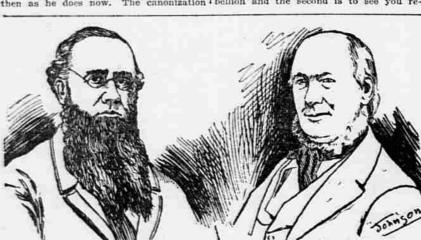
Our conversation opened with a word about John Hay, who has just gone to England to take Bayard's place as ambuseador to Great Britain. Mr. Young "I have known Colonel Hay since he came to Washington, now about thirty-six years ago. I had been sent here by the Philadelphia Press. John W. Forney was then the editor. He was also secretary of the senate, and I was here as his assistant to write for the paper and to do whatever he asked me to do. One of my duties was to carry the papers from the senate to the White House. John Hay had been brought to Washington by President Lincoln on account of his friendship for Hay's father, Mr. Lincoln wanted to give John the educational advantages of the position, and he had him made one of his private secretary fee. I remember well how Colonel Hay looked in the early 60's. He had checks as rosy as those of an Irish milkmaid, and he had him made one of his private secretary feet. I remember well how Colonel Hay had considerable literary ability, and he was a rather girilsh-looking fellow. President Lincoln, who was quick to discover what there was in men, had seen that Hay had considerable literary ability, and he gave him the answering of such letters and notes as needed especially good wording. He would tell Hay what to say, and would generally sign the letters without changing them. Even in those days John Hay was fond of writing poetry. He often showed me verses which he had written, and now and then he would read them over to me.

A Midnight Chat With Lincoln.

A Midnight Chat With Lincoln.**

"How did President Lincoln impress you, Mr. Young?" I asked.

"He did not seem as great a man to me then as he does now. The canonization is free from that ambition. He has only two ideas. The first is to put down the retherload of the read of the presidential maggot had yet attacked from: to read the man to me the first of lilinois. He is, you know, one of grant is friends. I asked him if the presidential maggot had yet attacked from: to read the p "Thave known Colonel Hay since he came to Washington, now about thirty-six years ago. I had been sent here by the Philadelphia Press. John W. Forney was then the editor. He was also secretary of the senate, and I was here as his assistant to write for the paper and to do whatever he asked me to do. One of my duties was to carry the papers from the senate to the White House. John Hay had been brought to Washington by President Lincoln on account of his friendship for Hay's father. Mr. Lincoln wanted to give John the educational advantages of the position, and he had him made one of his private secretaries. I remember well how Colonel Hay looked in the early '60's. He had cheeks as rosy as those of an Irish milkmaid, and he was a rather girlish-looking fellow. President Lincoln, who was quick to discover what there was in men, had seen that Hay had considerable literary ability, and he gave him the answering of such letters and notes as needed especially good wording. He would tell Hay what to say, and would generally sign the letters without changing them. Even in those days John Hay was fond of writing poetry. He often showed me verses which he had written, and now and then he would read them over to me."



HORACE GREELEY

Ancoin did not begin until some time in his death. He had some little idiotrasies of pronunciation and action on hid to a certain extent his real timess. His wonderful modesty and olicity was partially the cause of his appreciation. He was perfectly similar all of his ways. I can give you and the thick illustrates what I mean, and I was sometimes left in charge, might when this was the case we red a Richmond paper, which in some had been smuggled through the lines, the contained a dispatch stating that relevant had been taken. It was very cuit to get such papers, and they often e us important advance news. This et case we receive a mortant advance news. This mater, He then privately told me that he er came in about 2 o'clock in the mornate of Charleston. I was only a boy, but the charge of Charleston. I was only a boy, but the contained a dispatch stating that president ought to know of the cape of Charleston. I was only a boy, but

felt his experiences and observations during his trip around the world would have enabled him to do a vast deal of good for our country had he had these advantages before being president. I remember hearing him say several times upon noticing certain things in the far East. 'I wish I had known this ten years ago.'"

"Suppose Grant had been elected a third time, Mr. Young, would his administration have been of value to the country?"

"The loss to the United States by the failure to make Grant president a third time cannot be estimated." Mr. Young emphatically replied. "Roscoe Conkling, who, you know, delighted in striking expressions, said to me once in talking about this matter:

"The battle of Waterloo put back progress in France at least six centuries. The defeat of Grant has put back the progress of this country just as much.

"Had Grant been elected upon his return from his trip around the world," continued Mr. Young. "he would have not only kept the Monroe doctrine as to this hemisphere, but he would have applied it to the whole coast of East Asia. It would have been upheld from Peking to Singapore. The United States would have insisted upon the autonomy of China, Japan and Corea, and would have resisted every effort of Russia and England to make those countries merely trade appendages of themselves. It would have enormously increased our trans-Pacific trade, and by reciprocity treaties the western part of our country would have had a large share of the trade of East Asia."

Around the World With Grant.

"How did you happen to go with General

Around the World With Grant. "How did you happen to go with General Grant around the world, Mr. Young? were the only newspaper man of the

"General Grant asked me to go as a per-"General Grant asked me to go as a per-sonal friend, and not as a newspaper cor-respondent. He did not care what the newspapers said. He was never a seeker after notoriety, and he was anxious to keep in the background rather than in the front. As it was, he had nothing to do with my newspaper work. He had no ob-jection to my writing, and I wrote just as I pleased. He read much of my matter after it was published, and seemed to like it."

"What kind of a traveler was General rant? Did he observe things closely?" Grant? I asked.

I asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "Grant was a careful observer. He studied the people and their customs, the governments and the public works. He often went about incognito, as it were with me. We would slip out the back doors of the hotels and thus avoid the crowd. We were not known when away from the hotels and we took long rides and walks in nearly every foreign city we visited."

when away from the hotels and we took long rides and walks in nearly every foreign city we visited.

"It was you, Mr. Young, who asked Grant to mame the four greatest men he had met during his tour around the world asked Grant to mame the four greatest men he had met during his tour around the world rasked that question of him when we were crossing the Full Countries, when I asked the general whom he thought were really pre-eminent among them to the different countries, when I asked the general whom he thought were really pre-eminent among them. He replied:

"I have met four men during this trig whom I consider really great. They are Backgood and the world when he thought were really pre-eminent among them. He replied:

"I have met four men during this trig whom I consider really great. They are Backgood and the was a state of the four."

"Grant's relations with Li Hung Chang were very close, were they not?"

"Grant's relations with Li Hung Chang were very close, were they not?"

"Yes," replied Mr. Young, "Geranl Grant and the two grew to be very intimate. They would sit for hours to getther chatting of all kinds of things, You see, Grant was looked upon as a monarch in those foreign countries. He had all the honors of a male to do a great deal of good for China. He settled the trouble which was then brewing between China and Japan. Had he not done so, the Chinese-Japanese war would have probably occurred them and with the Japanese statesmen that he was enabled to reason away the causes of the war. Had Grant been elected for a third term I don't think there would have been a war between those two males."

"I rate think Grant's feeling turned more toward Beaconsfield on account of the proper would be a state of the sta

"How did you like your work as minister to China, Mr. Young?"
"Very much." was the reply. "I had met Li through General Grant, and when I came back as minister I found him very friendly, and through him I was able to get much done for the United States."
"When you were sent out to China, Mr. Young, did you have any special instructiors?"
"No." was the reply. "I was appointed by President Arthur. I thought he might have some such message to give me, and before I left I called upon him and asked him if there was anything he wanted me to do. He replied:
"'No: all I have to say is, don't get us into trouble, and do as you d-n please."
"Secretary Frelinghuysen said the same thing, only in different language, and I was one of the few ministers who went out without any special instructions."
"Is the mission to China a very important one?"
"I think it is," replied Mr. Young, "and just now I believe it is a much more important place than any other in our whole

portant one?"

"I think it is," replied Mr. Young, "and just now I believe it is a much more important place than any other in our whole dipiomatic service. It should be filled by a man capable of understanding the situation and of taking care of our interests in the far East. The countries of East Asia are on the edge of a change, and the times are full of dipiomatic possibilities. England, Russia, Germany and France are all plotting and working to get the Eastern trade, and you cannot tell what situations may arise. Not only China, but also Japan, Corea and Slam are involved in the struggle, and our ministers to these countries should be able men and such that they can work together for the good of America and American interests. It might be a good plan to combine them in some way, having separate ministers as now, but making the others subordinate to, or in a certain way advisory with, the minister to Peking."

Stories of Herace Greeley.

Stories of Hernce Greeley.

"You were instrumental in bringing General Grant and Horace Greeley together, Mr. Young. What were the real relations of the two?"

"I don't think they ever really understood each other," was the reply. "I knew Horace Greeley right well, for, you know, I was at one time one of the editors of the Tribune. I thought Greeley ought to know Grant, and I believe had the two become thoroughly acquainted they would have been strong friends. Greeley, however, did not like generals as cixil officers. He did not think that success in war should lead to political advancement. He was a man of many cranky notions, one of which, I remember, was that a college education spoiled a man for newspaper work. He did not want a college bred man about him, and he had other ideas of a similar nature. He was also a man of intense convictions, he was thoroughly honest, strenuous and bold, and when he thought he was right you could not more him."

bold, and when he thought he was right you could not move him.

Grant and Greeley.

"Where did Grant first meet Greeley?"

"It was in New York. General Grant was stopping in the city at the time, and I was anxious that he and Greeley should become acquainted, so one day I asked him if he would object to meeting Greeley. He replied that he would not, and I then arranged to have the two come to breakfast with me together at Delmonico's. In the first place I asked Greeley if he would object to meeting Grant, and upon his saying that he would like to meet him we fixed the hour for the breakfast for the next morning. When we met at the table Greeley opened the conversation by asking Grant some questions about farming in the West. I suppose he merely did this expecting to turn it jater on to more important matters. At any rate, he first referred to Grant's stay on the Pacific slope, and asked him how deep the people plowed there. Grant told him, and this conversation was continued. Grant knew more about farming than did Greeley, and, to my intense disgust, for to this day I hardly know the difference between a calf and a helfer, thoy kept the farm talk up throughout the breakfast, and they left the table without being any closer together than before.

"I again attempted to bring the two together while Grant was president," continued Mr. Young. "General Grant was anxious to be Greeley's friend, and in speaking of this in the White House one day I told him that if he would write a letter to Greeley would come over to the White House and see him. General Grant was anxious to be Greeley's friend, and in speaking of this in the White House one day I told him that if he would write a letter to Greeley and see him. General Grant was anxious to be Greeley's friend, and in speaking of this in the White House one day I told him that if he would write a letter to Greeley to come over to the White House and talk things over. I presented it to Greeley to come over to the White House and talk things over. I presented it to Greeley

person, a mutual friend, been present they might have been drawn out and have be-come friends, but there was no one. Greeley said little. Grant was rather reserved, and Greeley went away evidently thinking him dull and not realizing the great capacity which he had."

Grant and Stanton.

"What were the relations between General Grant and Edwin M. Stanton."

"I don't think Stanton appreciated Grant," replied John Russell Young. "Stanton was a very great man, and a man whom the people did not understand. Grant looked upon him as his friend, and I think that Grant craved Stanton's friendship, Still, the two men did not get close together. Neither of them made friends easily. Grant's shyness was so great that it was hard to become acquainted with him. He felt that Stanton had treated him very well while the latter was secretary of war, and he always was grateful to him. One of the first things he did when he was president was to show his appretary of war, and he always was grateful to him. One of the first things he did when he was president was to show his appreciation for Stanton. Some of Mr. Stanton's friends had called at the White House. They said to Grant: "Mr. President, Mr. Stanton is very ill. He has no money, and he has given his life to his country. He now needs rest, and if you could give him the mission to the Netherlands or to Switzerland or to Beigium the income from the place would be sufficient to support him, and he might recover his health."

"Upon this, General Grant replied: 'I think Mr. Stanton deserves the highest honors that the country can give him. The places you have requested are of minor importance. There is, however, a vacancy on the bench of the United States supreme court, and if Mr. Stanton is willing I will send his name in for that place at once. I only wish I could do him still higher honor."

"When the doctor told this to Mr. Stanwhen the doctor told this to lat. Start on he received it with tears. He was given the appointment of associate justice, and was confirmed by the senate. This was on the 20th of December, 1869, and four days later he died."

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

THE OLD SOLDIER.

He Drops Into Reminiscence Over Battered Canteen.

From the New York Sun. "Hanging on the wall in my room," said the old soldier, "are my last knapsack, haversack and canteen. And with them is an old canteen with the cloth covering all faded out, and a little hole in one side of it, where a piece of cloth about as big as half your little finger has been gouged out. Under this hole there is a little dent

it about two tablespoonfuls of water.

"I shifted the strap round on my shoulder, so as to bring the canteen fully in front of me, and quite free so that I could raise it easily and freely, with nothing pulling on it when I drank. And then I pulled the stopper. The water would be warm and flat, I knew, after slopping around all day in a tin canteen covered only with cloth, but I didn't care about that. I was mighty glad to get it, and I raised the canteen to find that the little water remaining was cool and bright and delicious; cooled in the canteen, whose covering was now wet with heavy dew."

Only an "Unknown" Mangled in the

Only an "Unknown" Mangled in the Railroad Yards.

From the St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

They stood around the patrol wagon by the railroad tracks at midnight. The air was chilly and the moon hid away behind a bank of somber clouds. In the distance gleamed the myriad-colored lights of the depot yards and through the mist beyond the silent Mississippi loomed the old saintly city, gray, solemn, spectral. The undertaker and the coroner holsted a rude casket from the tender of an emergency engine to the patrol wagon. Not a word was spoken, and the silence was sepulchral. Only the colored lanterns of the trainmen and the torches of the cleaners broke the darkness of the scene.

An unknown man had been killed in the most horrible manner. A transfer train had run over him, tearing his flesh and pulverizing his bones till scarcely the semblance of humanity was left. The coroner had arrived with some policemen and reporters, but all falled to find any clue to the man's identity. The railroad men could not explain how the accident happened. "An unknown," murmured the coroner, thoughfully. "There will be no inquest. Accident, doubtless." Then the pleces were collected and placed in the rude casket and laid on the tender of the engine. The entire party rode in the caboose to the lower end of the yards, where the patrol wagon stood waiting.

As they stood around the patrol wagon by the railroad tracks at midnight the coroner looked the personification of professionalism. Was he a man with a throbbing heart or merely an official automaton? He seemed to be coated with granite. But familiarity with such shocking sights had only softened the great, loving heart within him, for, turning to the silent group gazing at the casket, a sigh escaped his lips.

"Just think, boys." he said, "that had a mother. Perhaps she's living and weeping now." Railroad Yards.

now."
Eyes glistened, cheeks moistened, and the party turned away homeward; but not a word was spoken.

His business never leaves a chance
To take a holiday.
When his wife reads the announcement
Of a coming matinee.
Life is much too short for trifles
And his time she must not claim,
But when a friend invites him out
To see a baseball game—
That's different.

He vows a man should ne'er complain About the tax he pays,
But gladly help the government
Its revenue to raise.
Each one should swell the public purse
That threatens to grow silm;
Yet when the bland assessor comes Interrogating him-That's different.

And says no person ought
To let himself forget the calm
Of philosophic thought;
Nothing in life is great enough
To justify our ire.
But when, eleven miles from home,
A tack sticks in his tire—
That's different.
—Washington Star.

ever counsels gentleness,

There is a hint for American college athletics in the following brief interview between the headmaster of Rugby and the leader of the hare and hounds:

"Howard." he began, "you ran; so did I. You hold the school bags, Howard; so did I. You don't work, Howard; I did. You must. Good morning."—Chicago News.

A Qualified Warrant.

"Will you warrant these matches not to go out in a high wind?" asked the man who was going hunting. "All of 'em but one," said the dealer. "Huh! Which one of 'em is it?" "The last one, of course."—Indianapolis

MANNY FRIEND TURNS A JOKE.

awyer's Letter to a Man Who Mistook Him for a Messenger Boy. From the New York Sun.

George A. Blumenthal was in the box ffice at the Harlem opera house on Wednesday when a short man with glasses Wednesday when a short man with glasses and a youthful appearance presented him a letter. It was a polite request for two seats and bore the signature of Mr. Erlanger, of Klaw & Erlanger, managers of the play then running at the theater.

Mr. Blumenthal glanced at the letter, scribbled an imposing "O. K." across the face of it, and tossed it back with coupons for seats.

race of it, and tossed it back with coupons for seats.

"What's this?" demanded the applicant.

"That's all right; it'll be honored," said Mr. Blumenthal.

"Yes, but look here now; I don't want this bill poster sort of thing. That letter is yours. Just keep it, will you, and give me passes."

"Yes, but look here now; I don't want this bill poster sort of thing. That letter is yours. Just keep it, will you, and give me passes."

Mr. Blumenthal grew suspicious. The letter looked all right, but it might be a forgery. At all events, he didn't like to be dictated to by a messenger, so he said:

"Take it or leave it; it will act as a pass, and you won't get anything else."

The letter was left, the visitor making some remarks before going away. Later Mr. Erlanger came in, and Mr. Blumenthal related his experience with the supposed messenger.

"Why, that's too bad," said Mr. Erlanger, "Those tickets were for my particular friend, Mr. Friend. You know Manny Friend, the lawyer? I wouldn't have him offended for the world."

Mr. Blumenthal didn't know Mr. Friend, but he felt that he ought to, and said that he would write him a nice little note that would straighten things out. He wrote a letter expressing regret, but laying stress on the youth of the supposed messenger, the insolence of his manner, and the advisability of securing the services of a more polite and politic person for such errands. Yesterday this answer came to his note:

"Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your favor of yesterday, and I am astenished to hear that the young man who presented the order issued by Mr. Erlanger was so impudent, and I can hardly believe it of him. It is true that the impudent young man is still young in appearance, but he has, however, been upon this earth a long time, and generally conducts himself properly. Besides, his reputation as a gentleman is pretty well established in the community.

"I happen to know this impudent young man very well, and have known him as far back as I can remember, which is some forty-odd years, and this is the first time to my knowledge that it has ever been charged up against him that his conduct was other than that expected from a gentleman. He tells me that when he presented the order, that your action was somewhat offensive. It is possible that he is mistaken, and it may be that you are pa It contained the name of Emanuel M. Friend.

SCARCITY OF WOMEN. Problem Is How to Even Up the Sexe

in Some Promising Colonies. Within the past fifty years the nations

of Europe have seized vast parts of the earth's surface, chiefly in Africa and Asia, but including also many islands of the Pacific. The total area that has thus come under European flags is nearly as large as North and South America together. Some of these regions have been found to be well adapted for white settlement, and emigrants have been encouraged to go to them. The European nations call these far-off lands their colonies, and they are very anxious to develop them into markets for home manufactures.

There is a question which is attracting more and more attention, and that is the scarcity of white women in these colonies. In the French colonies, for instance, even whre the conditions are most favorable for colonization, as in Algeria, there are from four to six French men for every French woman. For the most part, there is no family life, and dissipation is more general than would be the case if there were more homes and more of the social life that is possible only when the sexes are in nearly equal numbers. Mr. Chailley-Bert, who recently wrote in the Paris Debats about the cently wrote in the Paris Debats about the paucity of white women in the French colo-nies, said that the young men there were like the roaring lion, who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

like the roaring lion, who "goeth about seeking whom he may devour."

It is not easy to solve the problem in the French colonies, for the young women of France are not at all eager to expatriate themselves, even to find good husbands and comfortable homes. There are hundreds of colonists who would like to get married. A colonist in Algeria has recently been telling his experience. He says that for three years he sought, in his own social circle in France, for a young woman who would share his fortunes in the colony. At the end of that time his perseverance was rewarded and he is now married. The fact is, however, that he did not find a wife among the young women with whom he had been accustomed to associate. They liked the colonist, but the colony terrified them. His wife is a worthy woman, the daughter of a farm laborer, and she is making him a good helpmeet in his colonial home.

Eritish and Dutch colonists do not find it sed difficult to induce the fair sex of their old homes to share their lot in newer parts of the world; and when they have found it really difficult to get wives from the mother country many of the Dutch in the East Indies have not disdained to be joined in lawful wedlock with the daughters of the natives.

Many white men are now living in trop-

the natives.

Many white men are now living in tropleal regions, like equatorial Africa, where they have really no right to ask a white weman to share their dangers and hard-ships. Few women from the north tem-perate zone are able to survive one or two

weman to share their dangers and hardships. Few women from the north temperate zone are able to survive one or two childbearing experiences in tropical Africa. Some white men who live there have expressed the opinion that it is little short of a crime to bring women of their own race to those regions. The late Dr. Wolf, the German explorer, said that any white man who wanted a wife should marry one of the natives of the country. Some of the Europeans in Africa have followed his advice, and among them Dr. Grenfell, the explorer and missionary, who married a negro girl who had been educated at a mission station on the west const.

Two months ago the Canadian newspapers contained an advertisement from a mining camp in British Columbia, in which it was announced that the camp was wholly destflute of women, that neither gambling nor the sale of intoxicating liquors was permitted in the settlement, that the nainers were industrious, had saved money, and now they wanted wives and homes; and young women of the Dominion were invited to enter into correspondence with a committee as preliminary to possible immigration to the camp and marriage with the bachelors thereof.

The scheme is not to be commended. Each miner had better use some of the money he has saved to visit a district where women are plentiful. If he is the right sort, he will probably convince some damsel that she can be happy even in a miner's cabin in the far Northwest.

Even to-day, in large parts of Canada, Australia and Cape Colony, there are not women enough to supply the demand for wives. But when the societies that promote the emigration of women to the colonies send out a party, the last thing in their minds, apparently, is the better chance these women will have to get husbands. They simply send women who lack work to colonies that lack women. Their character and fitness for emigration must be approved, and then they are sent on the long journey in the charge of matrons, who see to their comfort and are responsible for their safety until situations

Airy Generosity.

"Air! Give him air!" shouled the police-man, as he made his way through the crowd to where the man had fallen off the ladder. ladder.

The brave girl heard him and hesitated not a moment. Leaping from her wheal she punctured both her tires with all possible haste.—Chicago Dispatch.

They Do Things Differently. Englishman—"I see that a man was robbed in Central park in broad daylight. Such things don't happen in London."

New Yorker—"I suppose not. I've heard that broad daylight is a very rare occurrence there."—Puck.

Understood Her.

That little fool, Johnnie Moore, has proposed to me."

Her dearest friend—"When will the wedding take place?"—Brocklyn Life.

FANATICAL RITES

PRACTICED IN THE SOUTHWEST

DURING HOLY WEEK.

A Passion Play Far More Dramatic and Intense Than Oberammergau's by Christianized Indians-Tortures That Result in Death.

From the New York Herald.

How many Americans know that a passion play far more real and much deeper in intensity and sincerer in motive than that of Oberammergau is enacted every year by men who have citizenship with usuader the stars and stripes? How many people have thought that men who may some day be American lawmakers each Lenten season willingly bear ponderous crosses along roadways strewn with broker crosses along roadways strewn with broker street was once the practice to literally mall the hands of the acting Christ to the crosses along roadways strewn with broker street was once the practice to literally mall the hands of the acting Christ to the crosses along roadways strewn with broker street was once the practice to literally mall the hands of the cross, but the Catholic priests of this generation put a stop to that.

The Penitent Brothers.

The Indian converts to the church became in time a sort of religious organization, separate from others of their race, who refused to abandon their Indian beliefs. The converts and their descendants have been known for 300 years as the Penitentes, the full name being "Los tlermonos Penitentes" (the Penitent Brothers), as given by the Franciscan fathers. A century ago the Penitentes were numbered by the thousands, but the influx of white people into the territories and the advance of civilization have been infinical to the fanaticism of the Penitent Brothers, who are now reckoned but a few hundred.

During the Lenten season the Penitentes have daily services. They are not the most upright and conscientious people during a good part of the year, and they have been told from time immemorial that the more intense their observance of the Lenten fast and their endurance of physical suffering the better luck they will have with their Penitentes remain behind, and when the please for the speciators bow their bared bleads in reverential attitude. Save for the hysterical scobbing, moaning and suppressed sobs of the women there is now not a sound. The welrd pathos of the seem is unspeakable. The picture of that screak rude cross bearing a semi-nude, blood-stained, agonized man stretched upon it; the groups of barefoot, weeping, disheveled men and women all about; the solitiude of the runged, barreen hills, backed by mountains towering in lonely sublimity, is one that will long ablide with even the most prosaic or hardened onlooker.

Released Unconscious.

As the sun slowly descends behind the loftiest mountain peaks and the first shadows of twilight are thrown across the valley of El Verde, the pletto rises to his feet, and, blowing a long, harsh blast upon his flute, leads a procession of the people back to the village. Some twenty of the leading Penitentes remain behind, and when the

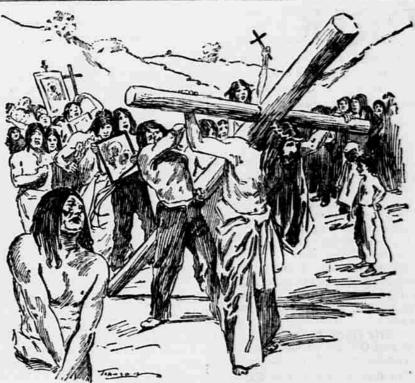
Lenten season willingly bear ponderous crosses along roadways strewn with broken stone, and cheerfully receive buffetings and spittings in the face, and at last are lifted up with a crown of thorns on the head and are nalled to the cross to suffer and bleed—often even unto death—as did the Savior of mankind?

Puring the Holy or Passion week—the last week previous to Easter Sunday—the American Passion Play is performed in six to ten different localities in Southern Colorado and throughout New Mexico. Years ago the drama was acted in twice as many localities in Colorado, Texas and New Mexico, but the influence of the Roman Catholic church and the Protestant missionaries has been brought to bear against it, with such effect that in these days the scenes in the travail of Jesus Christ are enacted only in the localities distant from the beaten paths of travelers and remote from civilization and the eyes of priest or missionary.

The Penitent Brothers.

The Indian converts to the church became in time a sort of religious organization, separate from others of their race, who refused to abandon their Indian beliefs. The converts and their descendants have been known for 300 years as the Penitentes, the full name being "Los Hermonos Penitentes" (the Penitent Brothers), as given by the Franciscan fathers. A century ago the Penitentes were numbered by the thousands, but the influx of white people into the territories and the advance of civilization have been inimical to the fanaticism of the Penitent Brothers, who are now reckoned but a few hundred.

During the Leuren season the Penitentes of the sun slowly descends behind the order of the passion Play. Only two years ago the Benite and an an and the acting of the Lord. After the first had each in the section of the Penitentes were numbered by the season of the Penitentes of th



flocks and herds and crops, and the more likely will be their chance to inherit the kingdom of heaven.

So every day during Lent the Penitentes meet in secret at the morada or church. One day they will whip one another, on another day they go to El Calvario, a little hill away from the town, where they coat their bedies with ashes and call lamentations for a spiritual witness to their sense of sinfulness. For several days at a time they go without food, and they spend whole nights in tearful prayer.

To Prove Their Humility.

All of their customs are not known, and not one of the participants can be induced to speak on the subject. They have much mummery and many silent acts of devotion. They have been seen to thrust cactus into one another's naked flesh until it swelled with inflammation. They have been known to crawl on all fours, like lizards, over hill and vale for miles at a time, to prove the humility that possessed them. Self-lashing with short whips, similar to cats-o-nine-talls, is common.

The Lenten observances culminate on Good Friday. On that day nothing of the acts and services of the Brothers is done in secret. At early dawn the little cracked bell on the morada discordantly calls the people to worship. Everyone is there on that day, if not again for a whole year. There are prayers and lamentations for an hour or two. To Prove Their Humility.

There are prayers and manetactors.

hour or two.

The hermanos mayor names the ones who have been chosen to represent Jesus Christ, Peter, Pontius Pliate, Mary, Martha and the rest, in the performances of the last scenes in the life and suffering of the Masser. Murmurings at the choice of performers are common, for there is keen rivalry to act the principal parts in the drama, notwithstanding the dreadful agony and the possibility of death in performing the part.

When El Caivario is reached, the great, clumsy cross is laid upon the ground and the actor of Christ is seized and thrown upon it. The assemblage joins in a chorus of song, while several penlitentes lash the man's arms, hands and legs to the timbers with cords of cowhide. The bands are made as tight as the big muscular vaqueros and ranchmen can draw them. The ligaments sink into the flesh, and even cut so that blood runs out. The arms and legs become blue and then black under the awful binding, but not so much as a sigh escapes the lips of the actor. He repeats in a mixed dialect of Spanish and Indian the words uttered by Christ on Calvary and bids his brothers to spare him not.

When all is ready, a dozen men lift the cross and its human burden, and, carrying it to an excavation rear at hand, they drop the base in the earth. The hole is quickly filled and the penlientes gather about the foot of the cross with uplifted faces. The women weep and the children look on dumfounded. Some of the men mock and jeer the man on the cross; others throw clods of sunbaked earth at him, and still others, feeling they must have some part in the

spectators and others have gone away, they lift the cross from the earth and lower its burden. The cords of cowhide are removed, and the pseudo Christ, who is now probably unconscious from long and dreadful bondage, is lifted from the timbers.

Then, following the narrative of the scenes on Calvary, the body of the actor is wrapped about with a mass of white fabric, and is carried to a dugout cave in the hillside near at hand. Several women, who have been appointed to impersonate Mary and Martha, follow some distance behind, all the time violently weeping and lamenting.

In the cave the bleeding and tortured body of the chief actor is nursed to strength. If the man is of endurance and great physical strength he will probably be ready to go home to his family in the evening, conscious of having made ample atchement for long years of sin, and having earned a reputation that numerous men in Taos have coveted many a year. If his wounds heal and his inflamed and lacerated back resumes its normal condition he will be the central figure at the big dance that is always given on the Monday night following Easter. His wife will be the most envied woman in all Taos, and he will be pointed out to the youth of the village for many a long month as the biggest man in the country.

MAJOR'S BIG STORY.

MAJOR'S BIG STORY. Idea of His Wife Giving Him \$5 Won

The hermanos mayor names the ones who have been chosen to represent Jesus Christ. Peter, Pontius Pilate, Mary, Martha and the rest, in the performances of the last seenes in the life and suffering of the Masster. Murmurings at the choice of performance in the rest, in the performances of the last seenes in the life and suffering of the Masster. Murmurings at the choice of performance in the personnel property in the control of the part of the bortherhood, who are generally the chief actors in the passion play, startes slowly on foot for El Caivario. All are sharefoot, and many are maked from the histories. Half way out the hillock, which is Half way out the hillock, which is Known in at a tumbledown adobe house when the part of the Savlor comes forth. Histories, in the part of the Savlor comes forth. Histories, and the pictures of Christ in Bibles and church histories. About the forement of cactus thorns. They have a wreath of cactus thorns. They have a wreath of cactus thorns. They have a wreath seed into the liefs from which histories. About the Christ near the head of it and, bending low under the crushing weight, startness its tune and the promotes and and half way may and the most devout peniture of the way a pathway of broken stones has been made and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the way any and the most devout peniture in the would break the back of many men. Is histories.

When El Caivario is reached, the great claums of Christ is sejzed and thrown the actor of Christ is sejzed and thrown the act

Beyond Reach.

I am the thing that no man sees, Though man from old has sought, All unaware of trap or snare,

And men may seek till doomsday come All other suits forsake. Yet still I fly and still defy, For me they may not take.

Above the highest mountain tops, Beneath the deepest seas, I still abide and there I hide From each and all of these. They know not even how I look, Nor what my form may be. Nor do they know if weal or woe Or virtue is in me.

The name I own they cannot call, And when their steps are bent To seek me out, they vainly shout, "Oh, come to us, Content!"